The Fucking Wonder

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It Takes A Man To Fuck A Woman Kids Just Play With Themselves

Brian Perkins regarded his wife Claire approvingly as she went about serving him his breakfast. At first glance she looked as though she were appropriately dressed for going out of the house. She was wearing the latest gift of her husband, one of those new style, transparent, blouses that were to be worn without any undergarments. This style was an outgrowth of the topless bathing suit. Of course, in our present society, it was strictly for home use, it could be worn at home parties, with other lady guests similarly attired. The skirt was tight-fitting, outlining her buttocks in a shining, black, silky sheath. As she moved about, through the white mesh of her blouse, her flesh and tits were visible. Brian could see how they bounced and jiggled like little animals with a life of their own. He smiled at the fantasy. The hard, little button-like nipples could be their little noses.

As Claire bent over him, pouring the coffee, he asked if she were going somewhere, all dressed up. While waiting for her answer, he tweaked at her nipples through the stuff of her blouse. Claire ran her fingers through his hair, already getting gray.

"Now where would I be going in this outfit?" she asked.

"Well, you might be putting a jacket on to hide these little melons from public view," and he roughly squeezed those pendulous breasts.

Claire slapped his hands away. "It's Sunday, and we are staying home. I'm wearing this just to please you. Now, when you've finished eating, you can get dressed. Then we'll think of something to do."

Brian smiled. He could think of lots of things he'd like to do. "Do I have to get dressed?" he asked. "Can't I just

louse around the house in these pajamas?"

Okay, sweetie, do as you please." Claire put her arm around him, and pulled him to her breast to kiss him. But Brian seized a nipple in his mouth, through the filmy cloth, and while he bit it, he slipped a hand under her skirt.

"Hey, no underwear!" he asked, and working his hand in between her thighs, he caressed her pussy. She smiled brightly at him, and pushed herself away.

"Finish your breakfast first," she commanded.

Hell, I'm finished," he shouted. Jumping up from his chair, he seized her hands and pulled her into the bedroom. There, he took off her tight skirt and gazed at her soft, satin smooth belly, above her thick, blonde bush of a triangle. Her thighs, white and full and round, ended in dimpled knees. In back, her buttocks rose large and round. She was big assed and big titted, just like he wanted.

"Come to think of it," he said, "I haven't had a good look at you lately." So saying, he pushed her onto the bed, where she sat grinning up at him, her arms uplifted to fuss with her blonde curls, her breasts lifting up provocatively, the nipples making points in her blouse. Brian seized an ankle in each hand and raised up her legs, holding them spread wide apart. With her heels high in the air, she was forced to lie back. She lay unmoving while Brian feasted his gaze on her innermost, secret, private parts. He spread her thighs as far apart as he could, making her cunt gape. He examined every fold and wrinkle of her coozy, from the pink, thick lips of the vulva, with the sheen of blonde hairs, to the tiny clitoris and the moist, gaping hole of her love tunnel. He ran a forefinger the length of her slit, from the clitoris, past the vagina, down to the rectum.

Then he put his finger into her vagina as far as it would go, and, working it around in there, said "You look pretty enough to eat." Suiting the action to the words, he quickly withdrew his finger. Sinking to his knees, he buried his head between her thighs. Lowering her feet, she put them around his shoulders, while he wrapped his arms around her thighs, so that his head was squeezed between them. His nose was sunk into her box and he breathed in the pungent odor that emanated from her orifice. Then he began licking her slit with his tongue, lapping up her juices, titillating her clitoris, and trying to insert his tongue into her hot box. After a while, when Claire began to heave her body up and down, and squeeze his head harder between her thighs, he reached his hand up to her bosom, and began squeezing and kneading her tits, while his tongue lapped rapidly against her clitoris, until, at last, she spent, slowly relaxing and loosening her clasping thighs from around his head.

Brian got up, his nose and mouth and chin shiny and moist from her cunt juices. He reached across to the night-table and took some Kleenex tissues to wipe his face. Slapping his hand playfully against one of her tits, he said "Your blouse is torn. This material doesn't stand up at all."

Clair got up and examined the blouse. She tore it off, laughingly commenting that it was one of those things, "look, but don't touch."

Now, completely naked, she stretched herself voluptuously. Then, supporting each big breast with a hand, she said that, as a cunt-lapper, he really was a whiz. She dropped her hands, and her tities trembled excitingly while she

walked over to where he was sitting on the side of the bed. She sat next to him, and put her hand inside the fly of his pajama pants, and put her hand over his prick. It was cool, and velvety soft, and lay soft and limp in her hand. Brian looked at her sadly, and shook his head.

"No reaction there, Baby. I don't know why I can't get it up anymore."

"Well, don't worry about it, my sweet. Maybe, after all, you're being twenty years older than I has something to do with it. Bill, with a tongue like yours, I'm perfectly satisfied." She leaned against him, flattening her breasts against him, and kissed him long and lovingly on the mouth, their tongues sliding around each other affectionately.

While they were dressing to go out for dinner later, Brian, looking thoughtful, said "Baby, this has been a lovely Sunday. Now, we'll have a fine dinner in a nightclub, see a good floor show, do a few dances, and instead of being able to wind up the night with a good fucking, there I'll be with a little, old, limp prick dangling against my balls. Funny thing, I still have the urge. But worst of all, I feel I'm not doing my part to make you happy."

Claire tried to convince him that it needn't bother him. After all, they'd been married over ten years, and he had, until recently, had a cock that was a real cunt-stretcher. Maybe, if he went on a vacation, and had a good, long rest, his ardor would be matched by manly prowess.

"Well, I'll think about it," he promised. "We'll talk about it later. Let's go."

They went out and dined on escargots, and pompano almondine, washed down with chablis. Brian enjoyed the floor show. It was tantalizing to watch the near naked

girls dancing, their wired bras hardly concealing the nipples of their titties. In fact, the bras helped exaggerate the size, and emphasized their globular shape. The high kicking and fast-stepping caused these globes to quiver. The inside flesh of their thighs, high up where just a wisp of cloth covered the crotch, and a slight hollow could be seen close to it, also quivered. Brian wondered how many men, looking at the quivering flesh inside the thighs, got a hard-on. He regretted his own inability. He looked over at Claire.

She sat in regal beauty, like a blonde queen, with an innocent demureness. Brian smiled. It was always a source of amusement and wonder to him how a woman's body and face never revealed the sexual nature, her lascivious desires. The coldest looking woman could have the hottest cunt. He recalled one nymph, who looked like a boy. She was tiny, flat-chested, and skinny limbed. Nothing about her appealed to him. If she didn't have a cunt, a possession he had proven for himself, he would have sworn she was a boy, especially since she favored slacks and boy's shirts.

He had met her at a party, shortly before he was married. In fact, it was at that party he had met Claire for the first time, but she looked so cool and untouchable that he avoided her. Those were the days when he was horny, it seemed, all the time. He was making a play for a Spanish-looking gal, with tits that almost fell out of the top of her dress. In those randy days his approach was not too subtle either. He had approached Miss Spain by asking her if he could help keep those things in their place for her, and playfully put his hands on her protruding bubbies. She slapped his hands away, but she danced with him, and let

him snuggle up against her, close enough for her to be aware of the hard, stiff thing that kept prodding her in the belly. But after the dance, she only laughed and danced off in the arms of another fellow.

The way he felt now, it was any port in a storm. So it was, that when Lola came up, in her velvet slacks, and white silk shirt, looking like a little boy, he asked her for a dance. She went into his arms, and moved in close, so that he could feel her bony ribs pressing against his belly. She was tiny. Her head reached his chest. It was rather awkward to dance with her, since he had to put his arm almost around her head. But she had an interesting, peculiar way of rubbing her body against him that proved very exciting. As he danced with her, he could feel his prick growing erect.

Lola felt it too, because she held him even tighter and rubbed her body against the bulge. She grinned up at him and said, "Let's not waste that hard thing in your pants. Follow me." She left the room. He followed her down a short hallway to the back of the house, and up a rear stairway. The upper floor consisted of several bedrooms. Lola knew her way about, because she unhesitatingly went into the small bedroom near the stairway. She locked the door and turned on a small lamp on a bureau. It was a simply, but comfortably furnished college man's sort of room, with a comfortable studio bed.

"Come on, get your clothes off," ordered Lola. She started to get undressed herself.

"You seem to be pretty familiar with this place," he said.

Lola laughed. "What of it? I've known our host, Marlon,

all my life. We've done many things together. But hurry, we're wasting time."

"Won't Marlon wonder where we are, or, at least, where you are?"

"Him," and Lola burst out laughing. "When this door is locked, he knows I'm in it with somebody. Also, he most likely is in his parents' room with a dame right now. That's the room he likes to use when his parents are away."

By now, Lola was completely naked. He could count her ribs, and noted how her belly flattened out, how her pelvic bones made a ridge on each side of her dark, hairy triangle. Her whole body was skinny. But her bush was the thickest he had ever seen. Her nipples surprised him. There was just the merest bulge of flesh around each nipple, suggesting a tit like a young, growing girl's, or a plump boy. But in the center of each bulge was a long, hard, brown nipple that tapered to a point. Lola, not a bit modest or sensitive about the lack of the usual female parts of attraction, made the most of what she had.

She skipped to the bed, pulled back the covers, and sat on it, with her feet flat on the edge of the mattress. She spread her knees and rested her hands on them. In this way her cunt was clearly visible. Brian couldn't take his eyes off it while he finished undressing. She was so hairy there, that her slit appeared like a deep red gash, glistening moistly in the dim lamp light. His prick responded to the sight by filling out and distending at right angles to his body. His balls hung, heavy and round, with a sparse sprinkling of hair, and hardly a wrinkle in them.

As he approached the bed, Lola got up and quickly piled some pillows on it, and sat herself down on the pil-

lows. She bent her legs as before, spread her knees wide, and moved her ass until it was on the edge of the pile of pillows. Then she put her hands between her thighs, and, with her fingers, spread her vulva, thickly covered with dark, long hair, and showing her moist, red snatch again, this time her cunt hole gaping widely.

"Big boy, aim. Here's your target." She arched her ass up, so that even her brown bunk-hole was visible. So, without any preliminary play, Brian aimed his big shaft at her vaginal opening. When she felt the head of his tool against her vaginal entrance, she released her fingers from her vulva. Those thick lips wrapped themselves over his penis hungrily. She had a hot, voracious cunt. She wrapped her legs around his ass, and her arms around his waist, so that he lost his balance, and fell against her. In so doing, his big prick slid swiftly into her hole, like a sword in its scabbard. As she impaled herself on him, he maintained his balance by standing on his feet, bent over her, with his hands resting palms down on the bed. He couldn't move. He didn't have to. She did all the screwing. She wriggled, and wiggled, and swisted and squeezed her thighs until he felt her womb throbbing. From the gripping and pulsations of her canal he knew she had come more than once. At last, he felt he was going to come. In a frenzy, he laid her on the bed, still wrapped around him, and got on himself. Now he began his back and forth humping, banging away inside of her, heedless of her or that he was smothering her, until he spent himself in a diminishing series of spasmodic jerking. As soon as his prick, now much reduced in size, slipped out of her, she quickly slid off the bed, and, taking a towel out of a bureau drawer, wiped the cleft

between her thighs.

He lay on his back, relaxed, his eyes closed. But Lola was insatiable. She sat herself down on his belly, his ass towards his face, and leaned over him. By caressing his balls and prick, she brought a little stiffness back to it. Sensing that he would need more time, she pushed herself back until her ass was over his face. She pressed it down until she had his nose in her crack. He put his hands on the cheeks of her ass, and spread them, exposing her brown bung. He worked one finger into her ass hole with his other hand he tiddled with her pussy. He marvelled at her genital development. Her clitoris was very long, and could erect itself like a little boy's prick, about to take a pee. He rubbed his thumb over it and could hear her gasp of excitement. Now she bent her head down and took his penis into her mouth. He, this time, with one finger in her ass hole and another in her cunt hole, was working them in and out while she was sucking his cock into a full erection. She spent herself a few times on his fingers.

"My God," he thought. "I've got a nympho on my hands." He laughed to himself at how literal the situation was.

Her tongue on his prick at last had the desired effect, and his Dick was now ready for another go at this piece of cunt. He pushed her forward until she was squatting over his pecker. She squirmed her ass over it, and screwed her vagina over his cock until her pussy had swallowed it. He lay back enjoying the hungry way her coozie sucked at his big stick. Also, in this way, he could hold back his own ejaculation, and so delay his orgasm. He let her have her way with him. While she screwed away he kept on exciting her. He'd tug and pull at her long, conical nipples, or caress her ass, or put his arm under her belly and move it down to her bush. Then, parting the hairs at the apex of the triangle, he'd fiddle with her long clitoris. This really sent her into a frenzy, and she'd work her ass, fucking away madly. He lost count of how many times she came. It seemed that she was ready for fresh fucking after each orgasm. In fact, an orgasm seemed to be a new stimulant to arouse her. After a while, he held her still by grasping her belly, and he ejaculated his semen, which spilled out on his triangle as he withdrew his spent prick from her snatch. He pushed her off him, took the towel she had used, and wiped himself.

This time he got off the bed, and, starting to dress, he told her that enough was enough. He was going back to the *party*.

"Well, when you're down there, will you tell Marlon to come up here? If he's not there, you can send Fred."

Marlon wasn't there, but Fred was. He slapped Brian on the back. "Ha, she gave you the works, eh?" Fred disappeared in the hallway. Throughout the rest of the party, Brian noted that when Fred returned, he walked up to a fellow, and that thar fellow would disappear. After a while, that fellow returned, and another one would disappear. Lola was a fucking machine. A girl like that might be fun for a while. But as the saying goes, a guy ain't made of iron.

Brian never saw Lola again. Instead, he made it his business to spend the rest of the evening with Claire. At least, she was restful to be with. Her cool dignity had a soothing effect on him. He found her friendly, witty and

charming. Somehow, in spite of her full, ripe figure, she had a way of looking at you that made you feel that sex was taboo in her company. Right at that point, that was all right with him. He took Claire home and asked if he could see her again.

After the third date, she invited him in to have a night-cap. While he was drinking it, she left the room. When she returned, she was wearing a sheer negligee, through which her blonde and rosy charms were visible, as in a misty dream, making her sexual allure irresistible. She walked right into his arms and embraced him.

Her passion and warmth took him by surprise. This cold-looking dame who looked like a frozen princess was a hot furnace when it came to love-making. She knew how to use her tongue and her fingers and her twat—and she was no nymph. That night they made love in the living room.

As she embraced him, she put her lips over his and sucked his tongue into her mouth. He squeezed her plump tits and stroked her belly. She unzipped the fly of his trousers, and seized his prick, which had only half a hard-on. Pushing him away, she knelt down and took off his pants and underwear. Then she took his prick in her mouth, and, while she gently stroked his balls with a light, feathery touch, and stroked the inside of his thighs, she kissed and sucked his cock until it was distended to a full sized erection. He couldn't wait any more. He pushed her onto her back, there on the living room rug (which, incidentally, was a Persian rug) and plunged his cock full into her welcoming, hot cunt, resting his weight on her thighs, now spread wide and lifted up to meet his thrusts.

She cooperated by raising her ass up to meet each forward thrust and pulling away when he did. Then she circled her ass and squeezed her thighs close until he came. She spent with him. When he lay relaxed on top of her, a hand caressing the rit that was free of his weight, and she was outlining an ear of his with a caressing forefinger, he knew, that even though she was much younger than he, she was the one he wanted to marry.

After all, he could offer her a lor. He was a manufacturer's representative. He earned an average of $30,000 in commissions. So he proposed to her, and she accepted. They had a very lovely wedding, and went on a Caribbean cruise for their honeymoon. It must be admitted that they saw very little of the boat, or people or places. At the end of he honeymoon, they were familiar with every nook and crevice and wrinkle and orifice of each other's body. She knew every part of his body with her tongue and her nose and her fingers, and he knew hers in the same way.

They were very happy together. The first gift he gave her, which she wore on their honeymoon, was a mink stole. When he gave it to her, he reminded her of their first night together, on the Persian rug in her living room, "The way to get into a mink is to lay on a Persian." Now, after ten years of a happy marriage, Brian was beginning to worry. He felt that his inability to perform his full sexual duties as a husband would affect their relationship. He still had urges, but whenever he tried to fuck, his prick failed him. This was beginning to bother him. He knew he was much older than Claire, and he did not want to lose her. He resorted to many ways of satisfying her sexually. He resorted to finger fucking, and cunt sucking, and

even to the use of objects that resembled a prick.

He smiled to himself as he thought of some of the things he resorted to, such as a frankfurter, or a banana in a condom. He bought a dildoe, also. It was quite life like. But Claire seemed to prefer his fingers or his tongue.

On the way home from the nightclub, he was quiet and thoughtful. He was figuring a way to keep Claire satisfied, and yet not to lose her. When they got home, and were in bed, he discussed his idea with her.

Sam's firm was sending him to a manufacturer's convention. He had never taken Claire with him to these, so she was not known to other men in his field of work. He was due to leave in a week, on a four day business convention where he would have a suite of rooms for entertainment. He suggested that Claire come along with him to be his hostess. Many men, he told her, took along a female to be his secretary-hostess at these conventions. While everybody saw through the relationship, nobody said anything, because outwardly everything appeared conventional and correct. Now, if Claire acted as his hostess, no one would know she was his wife, and any sub rosa thing they did would not be thought of as unusual, however irregular it might be. There, while she was serving drinks, he was sure she would meet some nice attractive men who would want to make love to her. Brian hoped she would screw with more than one, so that it would be an affair of the body, and not of the heart. There was safety in numbers, he thought. And he did want her to continue being in love with him.

Strangely enough, Claire found the idea of being with other men, with her husband's consent, rather exciting. She

could enjoy a real fucking. She agreed to do whatevet he wanted.

Their suite at the convention was most attractive. It had a large sitting room with a bar, a connecting bedroom with two double beds, and a bathroom. The first night they had 27 guests, but by midnight the group had dwindled to three of he heavier drinkers. They were all good looking men, ranging in ages from the middle twenties, to the middle forties. They were all younger than Brian.

Being the only woman there, Claire was the center of attraction. She danced with each of the men to music from a radio. While she was dancing with her husband he asked her if she wanted to go through with the plan, and she, looking at the three men, told him she certainly did. He felt a slight twinge of annoyance at the readiness of her agreement. Was it a bit of jealousy? He decided to overlook it, and to go on with the plan.

Brian suggested to Claire that she put on the new, very sheer, very transparent negligee he had bought her, and not to wear anything under it. Then she was to return for a nightcap. After that, he felt sure events would follow naturally.

Claire said good-night to them and went to the bedroom, where she changed to the negligee. She looked herself over in the mirror. The negligee was a delicate, pink color, which, in itself, suggested bedroom, since pink was so frequently associated with femininity and bed. It was almost the color of her flesh, and was so transparent that it just seemed to be a wispy extension of herself. Her buxom titties moved deliciously under the misty folds of sheer cloth, and clung to their contours. Her nipples, now hard

and erect, stuck out like two red rosebuds. She took her hairbrush and brushed her long bobbed, silken blonde curls until they shone like burnished cloth. Then she opened her negligee and brushed the triangle below her belly until that, too, shone like burnished gold. She put a very tiny dab of perfume behind each ear, at the hollow of her throat, in her armpits, under each globe of her breasts, where it formed a line with her chest, in her belly button, in the hairs of her triangle, along the inner sides of her thighs, on the cheeks of her ass, along the crack made by her buttocks, and in the hollows in back of her knees. Now she was ready to go back to the room where the men were. She hesitated behind the closed door. She opened it a crack.

She could hear them saying how lovely she was. One called to her and asked her to return for just one nightcap. She called back that she was in her negligee and that it might shock them. However, Brian asked her to come out so they could all see how pretty she was.

A gasp of awe and pleasure went through the room. All eyes were on her thinly covered breasts and on the golden triangle above her thighs when she rejoined them. She could feel their eyes roving over her body, not missing a quiver or a line. She felt herself growing hot and blushing all over. Brian asked her to fix drinks for everyone. Besides Brian, there were just the three men, whom she afterwards playfully referred to as Tom, Dick and Harry. Serving the drinks gave her plenty of time to walk sensuously and show off her wunderful body, made more exciting as seen through the gauzy folds of sheer cloth. As she bent over each man to give him his drink, she let her pendulous

breasts swing, a sight which made her eyes bug out She let her eyes wander to their fronts, and knew that things were happening there too At the thought of those rising pricks she felt a warm flow moistening her pussy

The youngest of the guests, whom she called Tom, asked her to dance He held her very close, and as their dancing progressed, their movements aroused them both His hands began to wander as they danced, caressing her ass and roving up and down her back and pulling her to him, crushing and flattening her titties

The next thing she knew, Dick had cut in He tapped Tom on the shoulder, who reluctantly released his hold on Claire Dick did not hold Claire in the ballroom style He stood behind her, and wrapped his arms around her, gradually moving his hands up from her waist to her soft, globular tits 'Let me hold these for you,' he whispered hoarsely in her ear. He suited action to words ,and cupped a tit in each hand, and thus he danced with her

Harry tried to cut in, but Dick kept pushing him away 'No fair," complained Harry, trying to push Dick away Failing to do this, he decided to dance with them both

"Here, I'll help you hold them," he said He pressed himself close to them, placing his hands on top of Claire's bosom, letting them rest on her tits He squeezed her nipples between his fingers He pressed his body close, and she was sandwiched between them She could feel Dick's prick prodding her from behind and Harry's prick prodding her from the front, through their trousers Of course, it wasn t easy to dance in this way, though it was erotically very exciting Her eyes gleamed and her face was flushed

Brian suggested that they tuck her in bed now Still

sandwiched between Dick and Harry, she was danced into the bedroom, which now was dark, except for the light from the bathroom. Somehow, this semi-light heightened the erotic senses. They put her in bed, and Dick began kissing her while Harry took off her negligee. Their kisses and caresses excited her. Four hands squeezing and rubbing and probing, not caring when they collided, and Claire was soon aroused to a high pitch.

"Oh, let me fuck you both," she panted.

Dick and Harry undressed. Two male pricks, big, like sausages, waved up and down in front of her. She closed her eyes and ran her hands up and down each prick. 'Eenie, meenie, minee, moe, I'll take this,' and, choosing blindly, she seized hold of Harry's prick.

He was beautifully built, and they made passionate love together. While her hands dug into his ass, he pushed his big thing into the hole between her thighs. As he let his prick slide into her canal, her thighs spread and her legs raised, he leaned forward and clamped his lips over hers, forcing her mouth to open. While his cock was churning away inside her pussy, his tongue was circling hers. Not until his balls had emptied themselves through his pecker did he remove his mouth from hers. When she looked about her, after fucking with Harry, she became aware that Tom, Dick, and her husband Brian had also been watching.

Brian, ever the thoughtful husband, brought a wet wash-cloth and towel and cleansed her private parts. Then Dick climbed onto the bed. Well, thought Claire, she had already given a public exhibition of herself, so she would just pretend she was alone in the room with Dick, and forget about her husband and the two other men watching

her. By now, all the men were undressed and awaiting their turn.

Dick stretched himself alongside of Claire and began sniffing her in all the areas where she had perfumed herself. He stuck out his tongue and began to lick her all over. Claire, catching on, did likewise. Dick tongued her ears and with his moist tongue caressed her throat, all the while kneading her tits, stroking her belly, or teasing her pussy with a quick stab of his finger. Claire felt herself on fire. She was stroking and licking him all over, caressing his ass and kissing him along the crack between his hard buttocks. At length, she could not stand it any longer.

'Give it to me," she pleaded, and arching up, brought her cleft close to his swollen prick. Dick took his time. He knew how to tease a dame, and so prolong the ecstasy and bliss. He plunged his hand into the slit between her vulva, and stroked the whole moist length of it, from the clitoris down to the rectum, while licking and nibbling at her tits. When he felt her rotating her ass and trembling, he placed himself on his knees between her thighs. While his stiff cock was resting against her cunt, he seized her ankles, and, drawing her up to him, he rested her heels on his shoulders. Wrapping his arms around her thighs, he drove his shaft into her sheath. She sucked it in with a peculiar contraction of her vaginal muscles. Once it was all in, to their mutual pleasure, as well as to that of the onlookers, they began a rocking sort of motion, which increased in speed, until it reached a crescendo when motion appeared to cease, to be followed in quick succession by a spasmodic series of vibrations, and complete collapse. Her feet slid down from off his shoulders, and he relaxed

heavily on her, his limp prick now resting between her thighs.

Brian, with the wet wash cloth and towel in his hand, pushed him off. Again he cleansed Claire's privates of a man's seminal fluids. He took a moment to kiss her on the cheek and tell her what a wonderful piece she was.

Now it was Tom's turn. He was as horny and randy as could be. By now, he could not contain himself and rushed at her like a bull, even letting out a hoarse sound like a wild animal. Maybe because he was the youngest, he had not yet learned the fine art of self-control and how to keep back from discharging, so as to prolong the pleasure. He leaped on the bed, and, without preamble or preliminary play, spread her legs wide, placed the head of his pecker at the entrance to her vagina, wrapped her legs around his waist, and, placing his legs around hers, plunged his veritable cunt-stretcher of a prick deep into her, squashing his balls against her ass. With their arms and legs wrapped around each other, the two rocked back and forth, each forward motion on his part plunging in touching her womb. Then he held her still, on her back, and he, above her, jabbed into her rapidly a few times, stopped, and jabbed again, and then held still, very still, for a few seconds, and then, with a peculiar, soft noise escaping from his mouth, he shook rapidly, his ass working up and down crazily, until he was spent.

Brian, ready, caught his semen as Tom withdrew his spent cock.

With great excitement, Brian looked down at his own prick. It was fully distended and stiff and hard as it used to be in his youthful days. His balls hung heavy. He felt

a tightness in his groin and loins. Would he be able to fuck, or would he lose his hard-on. He, too, forgot the presence of the other men as he concentrated on his task. Watching Claire fuck and be fucked had excited him inordinately. He lost whatever twinges of jealousy he had experienced when he observed that Claire's responses were not to the person, but to the sex act and sex play itself.

He got on the bed and knelt over Claire. She rose up to welcome him. Placing a hand on each side of his face, she stroked his cheeks tenderly, and looked lovingly at him. They embraced as they kissed. When Brian began to play with her titties, she bent her head down to his penis, and gently stroking his balls, she started to suck him. How good it felt to have her husband's prick hard and distended once more. Pushing him off her, she turned on her side, her back to him. "Take me this way," she whispered to him. Brian stretched out the leg on which she was resting. Facing her back, he got one leg on top of her lower one, crossed his other leg on top of her upper thigh, and, with her ass against his belly, he worked his thick, stiff prick into her vaginal canal. In this position, she couldn't move much. But he had a strong grip on her, one hand pressing against her bush, and, with one finger able to rub her clitoris. The other hand held onto her tits, squashing and kneading them. His in and out motions were very exciting in this position, because her canal was shortened and slightly curved, which made her feel that she was really being packed and crammed with every jab. When Brian came, after she did, she was delighted. She knew what it meant to him, to be able to perform the sex act, once more.

When Brian withdrew, she made no attempt to move away, or to cleanse his semen. After all, he was her husband and she loved him. Some minutes later, she sat up. The room was empty. The other men had left. That night was an experience that gave her complete satisfaction and full enjoyment from sex.

She told her husband how she felt. For his part, he enjoyed it too. Furthermore, the erotic stimulus of seeing the act of fucking, with other men enjoying his wife, and they not knowing she was his wife, seemed to do something to his penis. At last he was able to get it up, and keep it up. His tool was still good.

Claire's appetite for screwing was now increased. She and Brian were looking forward to the next day's events, particularly the evening ones. That night, there were two different men. Again she went through the routine of putting on the negligee and returning to the sitting room on the pretext of joining the men in a nightcap. Again she was laid and "parlayed", with the crowning event being the fucking by Brian. It seemed that each new experience whetted her appetite. Her cunt seemed insatiable. Was she turning into a nymph? Time alone would tell.

On the last night of the convention, she was with four men. An unusual thing happened that night. One of the men did not want to do it on the bed. He had a different idea. He pulled forward a straight-backed chair to the center of the room. Sitting down on it, his prick sticking straight up in the air, he asked her to sit on it. She stood astride him. Then, placing her hands on his shoulders, she lowered her pussy over his pecker. He guided his tool into her, parting the hairy lips of her slit with his fingers.

While she was riding him this way, another man came behind them and, with the held of a third man, they lowered the chair. This brought her ass higher up and her husband and the fourth man could see her partner's prick as it showed below her cunt—partly in and partly out, his balls flattening a little below. The fourth man then came up. He tried to get his prick into her ass-hole at the same time. Finding it an impossibility, he moistened his cock with some saliva, and ruthlessly poked it into her bung. Though it hurt her ass-hole, she was held too tightly by the two men, and so was forced to give in and let them have their way with her. That time she was really well packed. Everything was so tight, the prick in her coozie could hardly move. Her ass-hole was stretched and stuffed and her cunt-hole wast stretched and stuffed. But both pricks managed to screw, and move up and down, not daring to come all the way out. The prick in her cunt came first. Just as she was coming, the pecker in her ass-hole let go, and slipped out, now a sad, small, thing.

Brian, as usual, was ready with his wet wash cloth, and towel. How good it felt this time. She was a little sore there. Also, she now thought she was satfeited.

In fact, she was relieved that Brian dismissed the men, and put her to bed. She was glad she felt this way. Now she knew she was no nymph. The insatiability of the previous nights was a temporary thing, due no doubt to the novelty of the experiences, and to the deprivation of real fucking in the last couple of years. However, when she looked over at Brian, she saw his hard on. His cunt-stuffer was ready.

She made him lie on the bed, close to the edge. Getting

on the floor, on her knees, she took his prick in her mouth. Moistening it well with her tongue, she moved her head over it, at the same time caressing his body gently and lovingly. He, sensitive to her every mood, realized that this time she wanted nothing from him but the opportunity to make him come in her mouth. He,therefore, refrained from touching her. He let her do what she wanted. She stroked him all over with light, circular motions while she moved her head over his prick. When he felt he was going to come, he put his hands on her head and pressed it close to him. Now she couldn t move while he ejaculated, squirting his semen into her mouth and throat. He held her this way until his penis was completely empty and shrunken, and she had swallowed every bit of his juice.

When they were on the way home, she told him how glad she was that she had gone to the convention, and how wonderfully well his idea had worked out. He patted her hand and told her how well it had worked out for him, too. He now had a working tool for the job of fucking her.

Brian s organization sent a different man the following year to the convention. So it was that two years went by before they went to a convention again. Claire, in these two years, found Brian s pecker a very good tool. However, she felt that maybe it needed a booster shot. The antics she was looking forward to should give him that booster.

This time, there were a dozen men, of different ages and sizes and shapes. Claire was well fucked in every opening. She'd have fucked in her ears if she could have. Brian had his booster and felt he could go maybe three years, but why should he? She wore out the negligee this time, and they had a fine time looking for another, because it had to

have two fundamental qualities. It had to cover her up, and it had to show her body at the same time. They found what they wanted, a delicate black tulle, as fragile as a butterfly's wing and as transparent as cellophane. Through the black mist her flesh showed pale, her erogenous zones clearly defined by the pink, erect nipples and the blonde, bushy, pussy hairs.

They decided now that they need not wait for conventions. Every so often, they would go for an overnight trip, or for a week-end. It wasn't hard to get friendly at a motel poolside, or in a bar. Motels were wonderful places for such going on, the rooms were luxurious, towels and baths were plentiful, and, of course, the beds were luxurious, big, and two to a room. Many a negligee had to be purchased. As each one wore out, Claire folded it away, to add to the others in an old valise she reserved for this collection.

Brian and Claire had just returned from one of these motel weekends. They had had one grand, crazy orgy, enough to last them maybe for months. As Claire was putting away the latest of the negligees, she shook it out and looked it over. It was quite torn. It had yards and yards of material, and one fellow, impatient at not being able to find the opening among the voluminous folds, had torn it off her.

She smiled to herself as she recalled that evening, only last night, really, but already it seemed a long time ago. The motel, being located only a few hours' ride away, put everything in foreshortened perspective, so that what she and Brian did always seemed to be far away and long ago, once they were back in their own everyday environment.

This guy—his name was Rocky—liked some unusual

doings. The variety of ways, means, positions, actions, all connected with screwing, was a never-ending source of wonder to Claire. There was one fellow once who put her face down across his lap and spanked her bare bottom into a hot, painful, rosy furnace before he could get a hard-on. Then, when he got his prick into her, he seemed unable to come. That time, she was nearly fucked to death. Not until Brian joined in and spanked the fellow's ass on both buttocks while he moved his cock in and out of Claire's cunt was he able to have an orgasm.

Then this Rocky, the last one she was with, liked to play games, like "Let's Pretend", and then the players had to pretend they were animals, or trees, or other objects or people, and assume poses or actions to suit. Claire had picked up four fellows, so that, with Brian, there were five men in the room. She remembered Rocky and another one called Bud, the others she called Tom, Dick and Harry. She did that whenever she couldn't remember names. Rocky insisted that everybody be completely naked. The positions they assumed, or acted, with stiff pricks bobbing, heavy balls swaying was really a sight.

Once Rocky said they should all be dogs. So down they went on all fours, barking and woofing, and following Rocky's lead, sniffing at her brown hole, sticking their noses in it, one at a time, and licking it. While she was on all fours, Tom, or maybe Dick—she couldn't rightly remember—took her from the back, sticking his big thing into her, and screwing away. He tried to turn around while he was stuck inside of her, but his prick slid out of her each time he did. At any rate, that was a good screwing.

Then Rocky said she was to be a horse, and Harry

could be the rider. Harry sat astride her, his cock bouncing on her back as she walked around on all fours. Harry had, perforce, to walk with her. He balanced his weight carefully on his feet, but he managed to slap her ass and whip her with his tie while he yelled "Gidyap." He tried to fuck her from behind, also, but she turned over on her back, and he put his prick into her pussy, pulling her close to him by lifting her ass with a hand under each buttock.

When that was over, Rocky decided she'd be a cow and they'd be milkmen. She really felt funny running around on all fours, her tits hanging down full and heavy, and bouncing about crazily. They had pushed the furniture to one side, and made a large area available. As she ran about the men tried to grab her, catching at her swinging tits. The texture of a breast, sort of like silky rubber, and amorphous to the grasp, made it possible for her to escape. But Rocky managed to seize a nipple and held on tightly. He sat alongside of her and began to pull and squeeze her tits as though she were a cow and her tits had milk. He even called her Bossy and slapped her on the rump and told her to say "moo". Every fellow had a chance to try to milk her. While she was being diddled at the tits, she was being fucked from the rear. She lost count of how many times she was screwed that way.

She thought, as she folded away the negligee, "Oh, my aching back."

Nevertheless, when she rejoined Brian in bed that night she told him they had better go shopping for a new negligee.